



THURSDAY, - - AUG. 1 1872.

**Why Some are Poor.**

Cream is allowed to mold and spoil.  
Silver spoons are used to scrape the kettles.  
The scrubbing-brush is left in the water.  
Bones are burned that would make soap.  
Nice-handled knives are thrown into hot water.  
Brooms are never hung up, and are soon spoiled.  
Dishcloths are thrown where mice can destroy them.  
Tubs and barrels are left in the sun to dry and fall apart.  
Cloths are left on the line to whip to pieces in the wind.  
Pie crust is left to sour instead of making a few tarts for tea.  
Vegetables are thrown away that would warm over for breakfast.  
Dried fruits are not taken care of in season, and become wormy.  
Bits of meat are thrown out that would make hashed meat or hash.  
The cork is left out of the molasses jug, and the flies take possession.  
Pork spoils from the want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.  
Coffee, tea, pepper and spices are left to stand open and lose their strength.  
Potatoes in the cellar grow, and the sprouts are not removed until they become useless.  
The flour is sifted in a wasteful manner, and the bread-pan is left with the dough sticking to it.  
Vinegar is drawn in a tin basin and allowed to stand till both basin and vinegar are spoiled.  
Cold puddings are considered good for nothing, when often they can be steamed for the next day.

**Taken In.**

They say it requires brass to be a successful lawyer, and such is without doubt the case. Indeed, by this test, J. Morton Granger should have sprung at the very outset to the head of his profession. At the age of twenty-three years he displayed his shingle, and waited for clients with the greatest amount of assurance. Weeks and months he waited, as many a more talented legal fledgling had done before him, but no clients came. Yet his inordinate vanity bolstered up his courage, and a rich father enabled him to pay his board and office rent.

Granger sat one day in his office alone; a timid tap at the door aroused him from his reverie.

"Come in," he said.  
The door opened shyly, and a young lady entered. She was a sweet, demure looking creature, and as modest in demeanor as a boarding-school miss on her good behavior. J. Morton Granger handed her a chair.

"I wish to see Mr. Granger," she said, in the silveriest of silvery tones. J. Morton Granger bowed with dignity, and said he was the man.

"It is on legal business that I desire to see you," the young lady faltered, "and I scarcely know how to proceed."

Here J. Morton Granger smiled patronizingly.

"The business is of a delicate nature, too," continued she, "and I should expect the utmost secrecy on your part."

"You can rely upon my honor," and J. Morton Granger smiled again.

"It relates to breach of promise," (here she blushed becomingly) "and I wanted to know what amount of evidence it would require to substantiate such a charge."

Nothing afforded the young lawyer more real pleasure than to expound the law in any of its phases, and he covered the whole ground. Unusual intimacy between the parties, backed by the statement of the lady that there had been a marriage engagement, would, so he told her, go very far toward convincing a jury. The presentation of a ring, or the passage of love-letters, would be strong points.

After listening to his exposition of the law, the young lady arose and said:

"I am not quite ready to proceed with the case now, but will call again in a few days."

J. Morton Granger bowed his fair client out. He was a smitten man. The glances from her bright eyes had pierced him through. At the end of two days Miss Sharp, for by that

name she introduced herself, called again. She intimated that she had almost determined to commence a suit.

"But who is the proposed defendant?" asked the infatuated lawyer.

"Ah?" sighed the interesting creature, "permit me to keep his name a secret a while yet."

Before this interview terminated, Granger was more than ever done for. At parting he gently squeezed her white hand; at the third interview he kissed her; and soon honeyed notes passed between them.

All this the proposed breach-of-promise suit had not been commenced, Miss Sharp postponing the matter from time to time, and the lawyer being glad of any excuse to prolong the delectable acquaintance.

"My dear Miss Sharp," he said one day, as his lips pressed hers at parting, "will you not tell me the name of the scoundrel whom we are to see?"

"Not to-day," she replied, "but tomorrow you shall not only know it, but the suit shall be begun."

Miss Sharp was as good, or as bad, as her word; for J. Morton Granger received from a rival lawyer notification that she would immediately begin a breach of promise suit against him.

J. Morton Granger had been done brown. He had written to Miss Sharp the most loving notes, had spent hours alone with her, and, worse than all, she had managed to purloin one of his rings. The evidence was carefully prepared by his own formula, and he was compelled to swallow the dose. Five hundred dollars satisfied the fair Sharp, and the case never came to trial.

**A Mexican's Revenge**

Corsican vengeance has become proverbial; but the Mexicans are developing a talent in that line which bids fair to cast the vendetta of Corsica into the shade.

A ranchero named Miguel, living near Zacatecas, many years ago killed a man named Realjo in a duel. Realjo left a widow and one son about eight years of age. Miguel had a little daughter aged four years. Time passed on; the boy Realjo grew to be a man, and the little daughter of Miguel grew to be a woman. Finally the widow of the slain man died, leaving young Realjo alone in the world. He then set about avenging his father's death, a purpose which it seems he had cherished from childhood. He first poisoned the daughter and wife of Miguel, and then waylaid the latter, whom he thought to take revenge. He had done it, and concluded why he had done it, and concluded by informing the bereaved husband and father that his time had also come, and bade him prepare to die. But Miguel instead of preparing to die, suddenly drew a stiletto, rushed upon Realjo before the latter could fire upon him and plunged the steel into his heart. The poisoner fell to the earth, and with his last breath boasted of his success in at least partly avenging the death of his father, who had been killed so many years before, and died with a smile of mingled triumph and hatred on his lips.

Little Willie, being told to sit still during a thunder shower, asked what the noise was. He was told by the awe-struck lady who had him in charge that it was the voice of God, and again admonished to keep still. But in spite of this injunction, as another and heavier clap came, he broke with: "Why, Miss M., he's a hotterin' now."

A young lady at an evening party some time ago, found it appropos to use the expression "Jordan is a hard road to travel," but, thinking it too vulgar, substituted the following: "Perambulating progression in pedestrian excursion along the far-famed thoroughfare of fortune east up by the banks of the sparkling river of Palestine, is indeed attended with a heterogeneous conglomeration of unforeseen difficulties."

A Detroit man, who lately "swore off" on chewing tobacco, let himself down easy by chewing something else. His first day's supply of something else consisted of six oranges, fourteen apples, ten cents' worth of peanuts, two sticks of spruce gum, three large sticks of candy, a pint of roasted chestnuts, one cake of maple sugar, three cents worth of licorice root, and half an ounce of camomile blows. The question arises, which is worse the tobacco or this miscellaneous substitute.

**The Ventriloquist on the Dock.**

Quite an exciting time, says a recent number of the Cleveland Herald, occurred, at one of our wharves recently.

The hands on one of our steamers, were engaged in rolling oil a cask, when to the consternation and surprise of the persons engaged in performing that operation, a voice was heard within the cask.

"Roll it easy, these darned nails hurt, I'd rather pay my passage than stand all this."

Holding up their hands, their visuals expanding to the size of two saucers, the two laborers exclaimed—

"That beats the d—l."

The mate coming up at this moment, and unaware of the cause of delay, commenced cursing them for their dilatoriness, when from within the cask the voice came forth—

"You're nobody, let me out of this cask."

"What's that?" said the mate.

"Why, it's me," said the voice, "I want to get out—I won't stand this any longer."

"Up end the cask," said the mate.

"Oh don't—you'll kill me!" said the voice.

"These darned nails prick me. Look out!—don't, again said the casked up individual, as the men were turning it over.

"Cooper!" said the mate, "unhead that cask and take out that man."

As the adze sundered the hoops, and the head was coming out, the voice again broke forth—

"Be easy now! Is there any one about? I don't want to be caught?"

Quite a crowd had now gathered round the scene of action, when a loud, guttural laugh broke forth, which made our hair stand on end, and the cask was found filled with bacon.

"What does it mean?" says one.

"It beats my time," said the mate.

We enjoyed the joke too well to "blow," as we walked off arm in arm with the "Fakir of Ava," the ventriloquist and magician.

A young man who had come into possession of a large fortune by the death of his brother was asked how he was getting along. "Oh," said he, "I am having a dreadful time. What with getting out letters of administration and attending a Probate Court and settling claims, I sometimes wish he hadn't died."

Rev. Mr. Mathews, of Sigourney, Iowa, recently gave the last of his children away in marriage. The reverend gentleman joyously remarked: "Myself and the old lady are now back where we commenced thirty years ago."

A little girl at Elmira gother evening prayer some what mixed the other evening. She knelt down and gave vent to her feelings: "Now I lay me down to sleep—yes, my darling daughter: I pray to Lord my soul to keep—but don't go near the water."

**Table of Weights.**

The following is a table of the lawful weights of this State. As it is official, it is valuable for future reference.

	Pounds to the Bushel.
Apples, dried.....	24
Barley.....	48
Beans.....	60
Bran.....	20
Buckwheat.....	52
Blue grass seed.....	14
Broom corn seed.....	30
Castor Beans.....	36
Clover seed.....	60
Corn on the cob.....	70
Corn shelled.....	56
Corn meal.....	50
Coal.....	80
Flax seed.....	56
Hungarian grass seed.....	45
Hemp seed.....	44
Lime.....	80
Millet seed.....	45
Oats.....	32
Onions.....	57
Osage Orange Seed.....	32
Potatoes, sweet.....	50
Potatoes, Irish.....	60
Peaches, dried.....	33
Rye.....	56
Salt.....	50
Stone coal.....	80
Lard (8 gallons equal 1 bushel).....	64
Sorghum seed.....	30
Timothy.....	45
Wheat.....	60

**Ste. Genevieve Mails.**

FARMINGTON, IRON MOUNTAIN AND ST. LOUIS.

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PUNIAH AND DE SOTO.

Departs Thursday at 6 A. M. Arrives Wednesday at 6 P. M.

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Upper River Mail, arrives Tuesday and Saturday morning. Departs Wednesday.

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**Motto.**

"To avoid a smash, we sell for Cash."

STATE OF MISSOURI.

County of Ste. Genevieve. ss

In the circuit court of Ste. Genevieve

County, State of Missouri, May 2d,

1872. Before the clerk in vacation.

Ferdinand A. Roy, Plff. civil action

against

William Evans, } on an

Defendant. } account.

Now at this day, comes Ferdinand

A. Roy, the plaintiff in the above

entitled cause, before the undersigned

clerk of the circuit court of Ste. Genevieve

county, in vacation, and files his

petition and affidavit, stating among

other things, that the above named

defendant William Evans, is a non-

resident of this state. It is thereupon

ordered by the clerk aforesaid, in vacation,

that publication be made notifying

him that an action has been

commenced against him, by petition

and attachment in the circuit court of

Ste. Genevieve county in the State of

Missouri founded on an account for

the sum of forty dollars and fifty-five

cents; that his property is about to

be attached, and unless he be and appear

at the next term of said court to be

held at the court house in the

city of Ste. Genevieve within the

county of Ste. Genevieve, on the first

Monday of November next, being the

fourth day of November, A. D. 1872,

and on or before the third day thereof

(if the term shall so long continue,

and if not then before the end of the

term) judgement will be rendered

against him and his property sold to

satisfy the same. It is further ordered

that a copy hereof be published in

the Fair Play a new-paper published

in said county of Ste. Genevieve for

four weeks successively, the last in-

sertion to be at least four weeks before

the commencement of the next

term of said court.

JOE BAUMAN, Clerk.

Charles C. Rozier, with whom are

Robinson & Clardy, Attys for plaintiff.

[15-4]

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